

Posted by u/9Tail_Phoenix 47 minutes ago

They Thought We Would Fear Them...

OC OC

I found myself particularly inspired today, so I had to take a break from my usual story (which I'm still loving, btw) to write up this little piece of human emotion.

My inspired feelings came, in no small part, from this [particularly well-made short-story](#) by [u/Petrified_Lioness](#)

Of course, that story is about a real and defining moment in Human history. Mine could never compare, I just felt the need to express some of the Human spirit in a fictional setting.

The entirety of the Human race, every space-faring Human nation, every citizen and leader, every specialist and layman who could, watched their screens silently. They stared in mute shock, in silent horror, as greatest tragedy... atrocity... of this century unfolded before their very eyes, in real-time.

The next Grexix drone had also ignored every hail and every energetic barrier from every orbital safeguard: it being too small to be registered capable of bombardment. It slipped in, just like the rest and, like its kind before it, crashed into yet one more environmental dome, shattering the barrier and evacuating the dome's carefully balanced gasses into the inhospitable colony-world's barren expanse. As the live coverage panned, plants, farm animals, pets... children... could vaguely be made out by the relative sizes and shapes of the dots visible from the camera's distance...

Some wept. Some clenched their fists and swore under their breath. Some fought the tears and some didn't. But most... just couldn't look away.

The attack was meant to scare the humans. To show them the cost of resisting the Grexin invasion. Specifically, it was an attack against their current rival: the Human nation of Canadia. An older nation, so-named for reasons largely forgotten to time.

When the Grexix High-Warlord had deemed that enough time had passed for the news to disseminate among the Canadian people, he ordered a communication link to be established with their nation's leaders. The High-Warlord wore a smug face, of course-- his decisive and creative approach, only slightly inspired by his various advisors, had likely just saved the Grexix war machine considerable resources in bringing their enemy closer to surrender. In fact, the project had worked so well, it was plausible that these peace-loving Canadians would be eagerly begging his people for a cease-fire by the end of this very meeting.

When the com-link had been accepted, the High-Warlord of the Grexix stood tall and dusted himself off. He wore only a subtle smile, not wanting to appear too eager or humiliate his enemy too greatly as that might affect what he stood to gain. Still, he needed to show some confidence so that his foe could see the power he wielded and the strength with which he commanded it.

When the Canadian President and his chosen heads of state finally came on screen, the High-Warlord's smile slowly shifted into one of mild confusion. These humans didn't show the common signs of fear or anxiety that are so prevalent in the various space-faring races of the known galaxy. No, instead they seemed... sullen? Meditative? They each had their heads lowered slightly, but their gazes firmly forward-facing. The effect was mildly disconcerting to the Grexix on the command deck, as it seemed to cast unusually dark shadows over their eyes. Still, it was probably just some strange behavior these beings did to hide from danger on their home world; The High-Warlord would not be moved by empathy at a time like this.

The human enunciated with great patience, as if to be sure that every word translated easily: "Oh, most dishonorable and arrogant warlord of the Grexix people..."

A strange way to prostrate one's self, but the High-Warlord could respect their appeal to his more fearful qualities – even if the appeal itself seemed like it could be an insult under other circumstances.

"The nation of Canada... and indeed the entirety of the human race, have borne witness to the depths of your cruelty... a cruelty that is plainly indicative as to the depths of your very soul, as you stand here exuberantly proud of your... achievement."

The High-Warlord began to narrow his gaze at the human leader on screen. It seemed to be... insulting him? Perhaps he had not yet done enough for these humans to truly fear him. He made a mental note to target a more densely populated planet on his next attempt.

The human narrowed his gaze yet further – an achievement in itself, considering how narrow it was already – and stared at the High-Warlord with an intensity the high-borne being had never experienced before.

"In times past, we have tried to make amends with your people, to put off the possibility of needless bloodshed and to facilitate some kind of understanding between our peoples and their respective rights to life."

The High-Warlord chuckled at that, as he looked to his subordinates for approval as to the perceived humor of the statement. "Hah! Yes, we all remember your many attempts at peace and 'charity' as you called it. It's simply the case now that my people have come to feel that we deserve... a little more from you. You know, for all the wars we could have had, but generously chose to abstain from." His smile widened as he finished his sentence.

The human, however, did not change his expression in the slightest. "We see now the error of our ways. If it is more that you desire of us, then rest assured that you shall have it. Certainly, more are we now prepared to give you. For every man and

woman, for every citizen whose life you took, you shall indeed receive more. For every child and their dog that saw not their rapidly approaching fate, more shall we give unto you. And for every sin you have committed, in pursuit of your lust for power and wealth, for every immoral thought that brought you to create this tragedy by your own hand – oh, how much more we can offer. My people, in our charitable love of peace and mutualism, have become only too eager to give; and your very worlds shall soon overflow with our gifts to you.”

Something about the human’s eyes had begun to wear on the High-Warlord of the Graxix. Something about the way it spoke... had begun to add to that. An odd sensation at the back of his mind, a new one, slowly grew as he stared at the screen from his command deck.

“High-Offender of the blood-stained Graxix people, it is my greatest pleasure to reveal to you that I have received word from the 11 other Human nations, that this matter has transcended the simple squabbles of national interests... And I have received countless applications from even the independent Human groups that dot the periphery of our space. Soon, dear neighbor, the entire Human race shall unite for the first time, and deliver our gracious gifts to you.”

This... This must be some kind of bluff. Humans don’t unite, certainly not over a single conflict! The High-Warlord stepped forward to get a better view of the Human speaker on his screen. “What kind of a response is this?! You were supposed to fear us! Did you not just witness the extent of our strength?!”

“Yes, dear neighbor!” The Human’s eyes flashed with excitement before calming back down. “We witnessed the *extent* of your strength with rapt attention. Now...” The Human’s voice lowered to a deep and... foreboding drawl. The very words seeming to drip from its tongue slowly, like thick, viscous drops of venom: “You shall witness ours.”

The High-Warlord took an unconscious step backwards from the screen. The thought to correct his posture crossed his mind, but somehow, it didn’t seem important enough to draw his attention away from the humans before him.

“Prepare your defenses, you pitiable warlord. For if we ever breach them, there shall be remarkably little left of you, or your adherents...”